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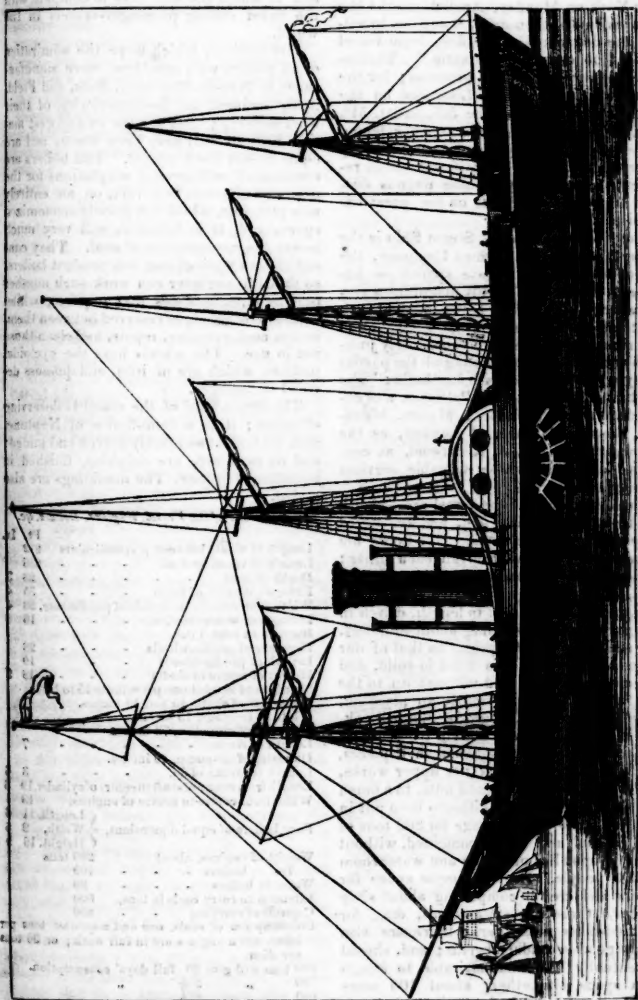
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 888 ]

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1838.

[PRICE 2d.]



THE "GREAT WESTERN" STEAM SHIP.

## THE "GREAT WESTERN" STEAM SHIP.

At length, the grand experiment of crossing the wide Atlantic by steam—of making the voyage from London to New York in twelve days instead of forty—is in course of probation. The *Sirius* steam ship left Cork for New York on Monday, April 2, amidst the acclamations of thousands, "anxious to witness the departure of the first steam vessel destined to cross the Atlantic." Tidings were soon heard of her progress; for the *Watt*, which arrived at Liverpool on the 6th, reported that, on the 5th, in lat.  $51^{\circ}$ , long.  $12^{\circ}$ , she saw the *Sirius* steamer, bound to New York, bravely encountering a heavy westerly gale. The magnificent vessel represented upon the preceding page is destined to follow the *Sirius* on her great enterprise.

The "Great Western" Steam Ship is the property of a newly-formed Company, the Directors of which "have spared no expense to render her a truly magnificent vessel, worthy of trading between two such great and powerful nations as England and America; they have been exceedingly judicious and cautious in selecting all the parties in any way connected with her build;" she was built at Bristol; Mr. Patterson was engaged as the ship-builder; Messrs. Maudsley, Sons, and Field, of London, as the engineers; and Mr. J. K. Brunel, as consulting engineer, whose valuable services were gratuitous.

The dimensions of the vessel are—length 236 feet, breadth 58½ feet, and registered admeasurement 1,340 tons. Her floors are of great length, and overrun each other; they are firmly doweled and bolted, first in pairs, and then together, by means of 1½ inch bolts, about 24 feet in length, driven in four parallel rows, scarfing about four feet. The scantling is equal in size to that of our line-of-battle ships; it is filled in solid, and was caulked within and without up to the first futtock heads previously to planking, and all to above this height of English oak. She is most firmly and closely trussed with iron and wooden diagonals and shelf-pieces, which, with the whole of her upper works, are fastened with screws and nuts, to a much greater extent than has hitherto been put in practice. She has stowage for 800 tons of coal, or coal and cargo combined, without touching upon her provision and water room for 300 people. Besides ample space for officers and crew, (comprising about sixty persons,) there are state-rooms, &c., for 128 first-class passengers; there are also twenty good secondary berths; and, should it eventually be found advisable to forego cargo space altogether, about 100 more sleeping berths might be easily and conveniently arranged. Such of her timbers as

may be exposed to alternations of dryness and moisture, have been prepared by Kyan's patent process; and every effort has been made to combine the various points of naval architecture and engineering, so as to render them most effectual in a service requiring speed, strength, and accommodation, and in which she will have to compete with the finest sailing passenger-vessels in the world.

Her engines, which were the admiration of all parties who saw them, were manufactured by Messrs. Maudsley, Sons, and Field, justly eminent for the superiority of their workmanship; they are the two largest marine engines that have been made, and are equal to 450 horse-power. The boilers are constructed with several adaptations for the economy of steam and fuel, on an entirely new principle, which has greatly economized space, and, it is believed, will very much lessen the consumption of coal. They consist of four distinct and independent boilers, so that the engineer can work such number only as circumstances may require; while, by means of passages reserved between them, he can cool, examine, repair, and clean those not in use. The wheels have the cycloidal paddles, which are of iron, and possess decided advantages.

The figure-head of the vessel is deserving of notice; it is a demi-figure of Neptune, with his trident admirably carved and gilded; and on each side are dolphins, finished in imitation of bronze. The mouldings are also gilded.

*Dimensions of the Vessel, Engines, Boilers, &c.*

	Ft.	In.
Length of vessel between perpendiculars	212	
Length of vessel over all	236	
Depth of hold	32	3
Extreme breadth of beam	35	4
Width from outside to outside of paddle-case	58	4
Draught of water (loaded)	16	
Burthen in tons	1,340	
Diameter of paddle-wheels	39	
Length of paddle-boards	10	
Height of centre of shafts	18	
Numbers of revolutions per minute	15 to 16	
Diameters of shafts	15 and 16 inches.	
Width of bearings	15 inches.	
Diameter of cylinders	73 inches.	
Length of stroke	7	
Diameter of air-pump	40 inches.	
Length of stroke of do.	3	
Length from centre of shaft to centre of cylinder	19	
Width from centre to centre of engines	13	
Four boilers of equal dimensions,	Length, 11	
	Width, 9	
	Height, 16	
Weight of engines, about	200 tons	
Do boilers	100	
Water in boilers	80	
Intended to carry coals in tons	600	
Capable of carrying	800	
Consumption of coals, one and a-quarter tons per hour, when engines are in full work; or 30 tons per diem.		
600 tons will give 30 full days' consumption.		
700 " " 23½ "		
800 " " 20½ "		

It is presumed that no voyage will require

the full time, but part will be saved.

The boat with a con- non-con- prevent also been perfectly

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the full working of the engines for the whole time, but that favourable winds, for some part will reduce the quantity of coals required.

The boilers and steam-pipes are clothed with a coating of red lead, felt (an excellent non-conductor), and canvass, which not only prevent a great waste of radiating heat, but also keep the engine room and the vessel perfectly cool.

Our acknowledgments for the details here quoted, are due to the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*, No. 7, last published.

An Engraving of the Saloon of the "Great Western," exhibiting minutely its beautiful fittings, will embellish the SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER to be published next week.

### CORONATIONS.—I.

THE day of solemnization of the CORONATION of HER MAJESTY having been appointed on Tuesday, June 26 next, it will be our duty during the interval to present the reader with such details of preceding Coronations, and other documents, as are of illustrative interest in connexion with the coming ceremonial.

#### SERVICE OF THE LONDON CITIZENS AT CORONATIONS.

The following are extracts from a very elaborate and curious report of the Town-clerk, the Remembrancer, and the City Solicitor:—

"The service of the citizens of London at coronations is of the greatest antiquity, and was probably exercised previously to the conquest; for at the coronation of Richard I., the earliest of which any detailed account is preserved, they performed that service as an ancient service, and were the king's butlers, while those of Winchester served up his meat, on which occasion the latter contested the right with the former, and were obliged to purchase justice of the king for 200 marks. This was at the second coronation of Richard at Winchester, after his return from captivity, on the 17th of April, 1194. At the coronation of Henry III. with his Queen Eleanor, although the claim of the citizens of London was not allowed, it was evident that their right was fully established. At the coronation of Richard II. they claimed and served the office of butler. On this occasion the Recorder claimed the privilege before the Lord Steward by word of mouth, according to the liberty and custom of the city, that the Lord Mayor, by reason of his office of mayordom, should in his proper person serve the king on the day of his coronation, as well in the hall at his dinner as at the dinner in the chamber, with a cup of gold, and when he should retire from the feast should have for his fee and carry away with him the same cup, and that the citizens of London who

should be thereunto chosen by the aforesaid city, ought for the same day to serve the noblemen and others, in aid of the chief butler. The claim was allowed, the services were performed, and the cup was received. In the reign of Edward IV. citizens from nine companies were chosen to attend the Lord Mayor as butler. It is, therefore, evident, that at this period the practice was not to choose one from each of the companies, as they were selected from nine only. Before this period, no reference is made to any particular class or company of citizens at all; and at this period, that they were usually chosen from the superior companies is not surprising, as the companies had great influence in the city, and contributed in a great degree to the expense of the mayoralty and other charges of the city. At the coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine, the Court of Aldermen appointed twelve citizens to attend the chief butler; but previously to the coronation of Queen Anne Boleyn the Court of Common Council agreed that the Court of Aldermen should name and appoint the twelve citizens to wait upon the chief butler of England, and since that period the appointment has remained with the Court of Aldermen. In succeeding reigns the citizens were appointed in a similar manner until the reign of William and Mary, when the Court of Aldermen appointed the masters of the twelve companies to be the citizens to assist the chief butler, and have continued to appoint the masters of the twelve principal companies to perform the same duty up to the coronation of George IV., when in consequence of the masters of some of the companies being changed between the time of their having been chosen by the mayor and aldermen and the day of the coronation, the new masters presented a petition to the Court of Claims, praying to have their names inserted instead of the former masters, whose period of office had expired. This petition was opposed by the City Remembrancer, who strongly urged that the masters of the twelve companies had no right to interfere in the matter, it being in the power of the Lord Mayor and aldermen to appoint any twelve citizens they might think proper, when after some deliberation the Lord President declared the opinion of the Lords Commissioners to be that the Court of Claims could not interfere in the matter, as the power of appointment was in the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen."

#### THE PEERS AND PEERESSES' ROBES AND CORONETS.

The Earl Marshal has issued the following order concerning the Robes and Coronets to be worn by

#### The Peers,

Who attend at the Coronation of Her Ma-

jesty. The robe or mantle of the Peers to be of crimson velvet, edged with miniver, the cape furred with miniver pure, and powdered with bars or rows of ermine, according to their degree—viz.,

Barons, two rows.

Viscounts, two rows and a half.

Earls, three rows.

Marquisses, three rows and a half.

Dukes, four rows.

The said mantles or robes to be worn over the full Court dress uniform, or regimentals, usually worn at Her Majesty's Drawing-rooms.

Their coronets to be of silver gilt; the caps of crimson velvet turned up with ermine, with a gold tassel on the top; and no jewels or precious stones are to be set or used in the coronets, or counterfeit pearls instead of silver balls.

The coronet of a Baron to have, on the circle or rim, six silver balls at equal distances.

The coronet of a Viscount to have, on the circle, sixteen silver balls.

The coronet of an Earl to have, on the circle, eight silver balls, raised upon points, with gold strawberry leaves between the points.

The coronet of a Marquis to have, on the circle, four gold strawberry leaves, and four silver balls alternately, the latter a little raised on points above the rim.

The coronet of a Duke to have, on the circle, eight gold strawberry leaves.

#### *The Peeresses*

are to wear the robes or mantles appertaining to their respective ranks over the usual full Court dress.

That the robe or mantle of a Baroness be of crimson velvet, the cape whereof to be furred with miniver pure, and powdered with two bars or rows of ermine; the said mantle to be edged round with miniver pure, two inches in breadth, and the train to be three feet on the ground: the coronet to be according to her degree—viz., a rim or circle with six pearls upon the same, not raised upon points.

That the robe or mantle of a Viscountess be like that of a Baroness, only the cape powdered with two rows and a half of ermine, the edging of the mantle two inches as before, and the train a yard and a quarter; the coronet to be according to her degree—viz., a rim or circle with pearls thereon, sixteen in number, and not raised upon points.

That the robe or mantle of a Countess be as before, only the cape powdered, with three rows of ermine, the edging three inches in breadth, and the train a yard and a half; the coronet to be composed of eight pearls raised upon points or rays, with small strawberry leaves between, above the rim.

That the robe or mantle of a Marchioness

be as before, only the cape powdered with three rows and a half of ermine, the edging four inches in breadth, the train a yard and three quarters; the coronet to be composed of four strawberry leaves and four pearls raised upon points of the same height as the leaves alternately, above the rim.

That the robe or mantle of a Duchess be as before, only the cape powdered with four rows of ermine, the edging five inches broad, the train two yards; the coronet to be composed of eight strawberry leaves, all of equal height, above the rim.

And that the caps of all the said coronets be of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine, with a tassel of gold on the top.

[A page or two of illustrative extracts from Mr. Planche's well-timed work on the Coronations of our Queens Regnant, will be found in the SUPPLEMENT, to be published with our next Number.]

#### **Sketch-Book.**

##### **A SHIP.**

ONE of the most poetic sights to be seen is a ship setting off for sea under full sail. The mind is struck not only with the grandeur of the design, the magnificence of the whole fabric, the grace and majesty of her motion, the lofty pride of the rejoicing and triumphant adventurer, but vague visions of wreck rise in the imagination—even such "tall ships" have gone down in the deep—even such gay circles as crowd her decks have been terribly summoned to sudden destruction. There is something solemn and sublime in beholding the going forth of such a messenger over a realm so vast, and almost interminable, where only monsters and storms make their dwelling. You behold it now floating, like a living creature, full of confidence and daring—slow and stately in its motion, gliding majestically on, in defiance of all the lurking dangers that await upon its path;—you picture it, at length, far from the firm earth—far from human aid and human observation—communing only with the waters and the stars—surrounded by the uncouth beings of the sea—hastening on over hidden rock and coral grotto—in the early morning—the bright noon—the solemn and silent night. Now, a whale, mistaking its black sides for those of a brother, guides his ponderous shape towards it; now the savage shark darts around, here and there, waiting some fatal chance for human flesh. Presently, the mighty nature, which has been so calm, so still, so bountiful of its smiles, grows terrified at the approach of one of those dark visitants which ever wander, raging and roaring, over those endless deserts, like outcast spirits, merciless, fiendish, and almost omnipotent. You picture the bold giant, at the approach of this potent and formidable enemy. All the simple grace with

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which he sports with the gentle waves, and receives the caresses of the breeze, the kisses of the sun—is gone. He is no longer the gallant, smiling at the revel—he is the warrior, his gay robes stripped for the fight—shouting back with tones of rage and horror, to the roar of his advancing enemy—calling up all his strength to cope with one whom he recognises too well as a dangerous mate. Hark! the conflict commences—the waves—the winds—the clouds—attack him. The heavens are shrouded in darkness—the elements—the spirits of the deep—the very fiends seem to have thrown themselves on the bold and good spirit. No aid is near. He must bear this tremendous war alone. There is no refuge—no retreat—no hope but in courage—unfettered by the darkest agent of evil. Ah! the struggle is appalling. It is a contest between man and the demons. At length it seems as if the superior powers, in admiration of a combat so unequal, and yet so well sustained, send their messenger, Isis, to end it. The blue heavens appear above—the waves subside—the ferocious wind, exhausted, but still raging, gathers its train of broken clouds, and recedes, moaning, in the distant horizon, to re-gather its routed forces for a future attack.

But of the vessels which we behold putting forth from our secure harbour, not all are so fortunate. I remember with what hilarity I accompanied a party of friends, years ago, to see the ill-fated packet-ship *Albion* weigh anchor, and with what admiration we beheld her careering over the waves, and sink at length in the distance. It was almost impossible to realize that she had suffered such a terrible fate; and her image has risen darkly in the minds of many a traveller setting out from New York bay, to behold the glorious old world.

It is a fact, not known to all, that the Atlantic Ocean, between New York and England, is scattered a great part of the way over with rocks. I had observed this on the chart, but scarcely credited it, till, on remarking it one day to the captain, while leaning lazily over the quarter-rail, he related to me the following anecdote:

"I was," said he, "about half-way across between New-York and Portsmouth, being directly on my course, with a fair and first-rate breeze. The sky was clear, and without a cloud—the sea calm and smooth, and we had all sail on, making nine knots. I stood on the round-house, looking over at the sea, when, as we swept on, I saw, as I at first supposed, some marine monster in the water, of a dark red colour, the waves very smooth directly over it, and breaking into ridges for some distance around. I looked—we neared it within a dozen yards—and, for a moment, I was deprived of the power both of speech and motion. *It was a rock!* Had we

crossed fifteen yards out of the track in which we were, all creation could not have saved us. I went to the chart, and sure enough, there I found—a rock somewhere about here."

That rock is probably one of some hundred lofty mountain-peaks, over which the New-York packets make their way to and from Europe; and our fashionable travellers are sipping their soup over the summits of submarine Alps and Andes.

On beholding a packet set forth on her journey, one recalls these fine lines of Wilson:

"So stately her bearing—so proud her array,  
The main she will traverse for ever and aye;  
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!  
Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is  
her last!"

### Popular Antiquities.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE, AND THE TABERNACLE.  
(From Lectures on Archaeology, delivered in Paris, by M. Raoul Rochette: translated from the French, in the *Architectural Magazine*.)

THE Jewish people had no works of art but such as were borrowed. Therefore, it is as a part of Phœnician archæology, that we must study two principal monuments which Hebrew architecture supplies us with; viz. the tabernacle and temple of Jerusalem, which refer to the ages of Moses and of Solomon; and both of which display Egyptian and Phœnician influence. The tabernacle, erected after the departure from Egypt, and in the Desert, recalled the idea of an Egyptian temple, or of the tent of a pastoral people; and the temple of Jerusalem reproduced this general form, with the accessories and ornaments with which the artists of Tyre embellished it.

*The Tabernacle.*—The sacred writings inform us, that when God had made known his laws and commandments to the Israelites, by the mouth of Moses, his prophet, he commanded them to construct a monument, which they should carry with them, and into which he would occasionally descend.

At this happy intelligence, the people immediately began the work, and brought as offerings, gold, silver, copper, odoriferous woods, skins of goats and sheep of all colours, purple and white wool, precious stones set in gold, and perfumes.

Every thing being prepared, Moses ordered an inclosure to be made of 100 cubits long, and 50 broad,\* in which the tabernacle was placed: 20 pillars of bronze were arranged on the sides, and 10 of the same metal at the ends, each 5 cubits high: the capitals were of silver, and the bases of gold. A large veil of very fine linen, stretched round this quadrangular inclosure, surround-

\* The Hebrew cubit is about one and a-half feet.

ed it like a wall. The front of the inclosure was 50 cubits.

On each side of the door was placed a double pillar, covered with leaves of gold and silver; and to this double pillar were added, within the inclosure, three other pillars, arranged on each side, in a straight line, so as to form a vestibule 5 cubits in depth.

A veil of 20 cubits long and 5 broad, inclosed the entrance: it was woven of purple and hyacinth-coloured linen, and represented images of cherubim, to which we shall hereafter refer.

In the vestibule stood a large vessel of copper, supported by a base of the same metal, from which the sacrificing priest took the water for ablutions.

The tabernacle, which was 30 cubits long and 20 broad, was placed in the middle of this inclosure. The entrance was turned towards the east, that the sun might illuminate it with its first beams. Each side was composed of 20 planks of wood, covered within and without with plates of gold, cut in right angles, the breadth of each being a cubit and a half. The tabernacle was divided into three parts in its whole length; and this division, according to Josephus, represented the symbolical figure of the world. The space in the middle, inclosed by columns and veils of linen, was called The Holy of Holies, or The Most Holy.

To cover the top and sides of the tabernacle, 10 pieces of tapestry, 28 cubits long and 4 wide, were fastened to the wood-work by clasps of bronze gilt.

It is evident, from this succinct description, that the tabernacle, a monument of a mixed style, borrowed from the Egyptians and Phœnicians, had, so to speak, no character peculiar to itself; and clearly expressed how much the Jews had borrowed from the systems of architecture of these two nations, and how much they respected the law of Moses, which prohibited the Jews from using sculpture and other imitative arts.

*Solomon's Temple.*—The city of Jerusalem, according to the *Jewish Antiquities*, was seated on two hills facing each other, and separated by a magnificent valley. The highest hill was called the high city, the other, named *Arca*, was the site of the low city, and faced, on the east side, Mount Moriah, on which Solomon erected his temple.

This mountain being only an irregular hill at first, it was necessary, in order to extend the appurtenances of the temple on a level surface, to support the sides by enormous constructions. The eastern sides skirted the valley of Cedron; that of the south was furnished with a wall of masonry, of 300 cubits

in height; the western side was in the form of a theatre; and that of the north was separated from the temple by a large ditch.

About six centuries after the construction of the tabernacle, David, having taken possession of the city of Salem, drove out all the Jebusites, repaired the breaches, rebuilt the dwelling-houses, and resolved to establish here the seat of his government, by raising a temple to the Eternal, and giving to this city the name of *Hiern-Salem*, Jerusalem, or *Sacred City*. But the following night the Lord appeared to the prophet Nathan, and spoke to him in these words:—

“Go find my servant David, and tell him: Behold what the Lord sayeth: I shall place upon the throne after you your son, who shall proceed from you, and I shall establish his kingdom. He shall build a house to my name, and I shall render the throne of his kingdom secure for ever.”

David having learnt from Nathan that his kingdom should descend to his posterity, and that one of his children should build a temple, went immediately to prostrate himself before the tabernacle and return thanks to God for this favour.

Solomon, son of David, in the fourth year of his reign, and in the month Jar (April), 592 years after the departure from Egypt, 1,440 years after the Deluge, and 3,102 after the creation of the world, realizing the grand intention of his father, by erecting a temple to the Eternal on Mount Moriah. As there was a want of wood and artists in Judea, he wrote on this subject to Iraam, or Hiram, king of Tyre, who sent him hewers of stone, sculptors, and casters of metals. The correspondence occasioned by this negotiation was still in existence in the time of Josephus, at Jerusalem, and in the archives of the city of Tyre.

“Hiram, having heard the words of Solomon, was greatly delighted, and gave him wood of cedar and pine, as much as he desired. Solomon also chose workmen, and commanded that 30,000 men should be appointed for this work. He sent them to Lebanon in turns, 10,000 each month, so that they remained two months at home. Adoniram had the superintendence of all these people. Solomon had 70,000 labourers who carried burdens, and 80,000 who cut the stones on the mountain; besides those who had the superintendence over each work, and who were 3,300 in number.”

This magnificent temple was 60 cubits long, only 20 broad, according to Josephus, and 30 cubits high. On this edifice was raised another of the same size, which made the general height of the temple 60 cubits: round it were 30 chambers, of 25 cubits in length and 20 in height, built in the form of galleries, and communicating with each other.

\* See Third Book of Kings, Second of the Paralipomena, and the works of Vitallipond, Calmet, and Bernard Lamy.

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It was in these chapels, as they may be called, that the vases, and all the precious ornaments used at the sacrifices, were preserved. Josephus gives, perhaps, an exaggerated list of them.

In front of the temple was a portico, 120 cubits high by 10. These extraordinary dimensions accord so ill with the height of the temple, that most commentators have been led into error. In this difficulty they have taken the most convenient way of getting off, by saying that there must be a fault in the text. M. Hirt, himself, in his *Dissertation critique sur le Temple de Jerusalem*, is greatly mistaken in giving only 30 cubits in height, for the dimensions of the portico: it is not so. The learned German Stieglitz has clearly proved that the dimensions of the portico should be 120 cubits high by 10. This portico is, besides, only an imitation of the pylorus which preceded the Egyptian temples.

Two beautiful pillars of bronze, ornamented with circles of gold and capitals of silver, decorated the portico. These two pillars, named Jachin and Boaz, were executed by the celebrated artist, Huram, whom Solomon had sent for from Tyre: they were 35 cubits high, and their capitals five.

These pillars are referable to a system of architecture which is not unknown to us, and to the idea of theology of the first nations, that is, to religious dualism; for these round pillars are to the temple of Jerusalem what the obelisks or sphinxes were to the edifices of Nubia and Egypt, and the phalli or the cones to the temples of Gaza, Hierapolis, and Paphos. In the middle of this wonderful inclosure was placed the sea of brass, a vast basin reposing on twelve supports of the same metal, and serving for the legal purifications.

By adhering only to the details transmitted to us by the Bible, as the most authentic in every respect, it is possible to reconstruct the edifice almost entirely.

The temple of Solomon was composed of a cella 60 cubits long. This cella was divided into two very distinct parts, by the pillars of cedar wood, covered with gold, the Holy and the Most Holy of the sanctuary: the first part, which was appropriated to the sacrifices, was 40 cubits long and 30 high; the Most Holy was 20 cubits each way: there was, therefore, a difference of 10 cubits between the two roofs, which has given rise to the belief of the mysterious chamber situated above the Most Holy. To the upper part of these two pillars, was attached a veil of linen, woven with great delicacy, and representing various flowers of all colours.

It is remarkable, that windows were made in this temple: "And he made slanting windows in the temple," says the *Book of Kings*. We know that the edifices of Egypt

and of Phœnicia are without windows; and, although they existed in the temple of Jerusalem, they were so narrow, that they did not light the sanctuary. Solomon also says: "The Eternal dwells in darkness." A circumstance which it would be of great advantage to know, but on which the sacred writings are silent, is the form of the roof of the temple. A flat roof would be the most analogous to the Egyptian style; but there is no proof that it was so arranged, neither do we know whether it was sloping.

The *Book of Kings*, indeed, informs us that Solomon made a ceiling (plancher) above the whole edifice; consequently it appears that the temple was covered; but we are not informed how this ceiling was made.

In the decoration of the temple, Phœnician influence is visibly manifested. No part of the wall appears; it is entirely covered by beams of cedar, and the interior partitions of wood were entirely covered with leaves of gold, rich hangings, skins of sheep, and goats' hair.

On the outside nothing was seen but the stone, and in the inside, nothing but gold. There was not a single place, according to the sacred writings, that was not overlaid with gold: the ceiling itself was covered with it. This system is evidently borrowed from the Phœnician architecture, in which only wood overlaid with gold was made use of for the interior decoration of buildings.

To adorn his temple, Solomon ordered two cherubim of solid gold, to be made, each five cubits high; their wings, which were also five cubits, were placed in such a position in the sanctuary that they covered the ark of the covenant.

Much discussion has taken place on the symbolical representation of these cherubim. According to Clement of Alexandria, they were only fantastic and imaginary beings. According to the *Bible*, on the contrary, they had wings, and consequently were ranked in the class of animals. M. Raoul Rochette thinks, and his opinion will appear very probable, that these cherubim were only sphinxes, imitated from the Egyptian and Phœnician archæology; as, according to the testimony of Ezekiel, the cherub consisted of a head placed on a body, half lion, half bull, bearing eagle's wings extended; and, from the drawings which have reached us, we find a striking resemblance between the cherubim of the Hebrew temples, and the sphinxes placed in front of the religious edifices of Nubia and Egypt.

The temple of Jerusalem was reduced to ashes by Nebuchadnezzar II., 470 years after its foundation, 598 B. C.; and, 70 years afterwards, Zorobabel laid the foundation of the second temple, which was destroyed at the taking of Jerusalem by Titus. (*L'Echo*, Dec. 6, 1837, p. 198.)

### Spirit of Discovery.

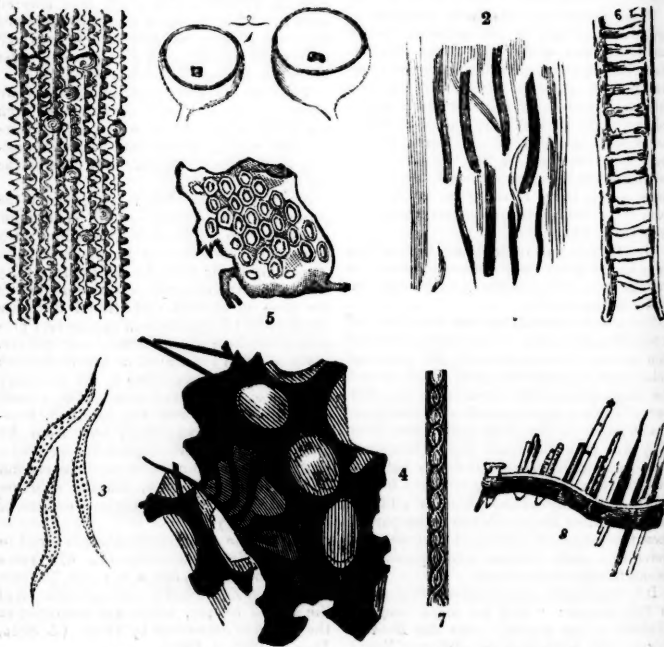
#### ASHES OF PLANTS.

THE Rev. Mr. Reade has lately communicated to the *Philosophical Magazine* the results of an investigation of the Ashes of Plants, which throw some new lights upon the elaborate science of vegetable physiology. Mr. Reade having provided a powerful microscope, procured also a platinum spoon and a large spirit lamp as his working apparatus. Portions of plants were then submitted to an intense heat, until the carbonaceous parts were entirely dissipated, and only a few apparently white ashes remained. The specimens thus incinerated consisted chiefly of grasses, together with barley, wheat, &c., and in all of them Mr. Reade discovered, by means of the microscope, a most beautiful, and in many a most elaborate, structure. That this detection of structure in the ashes of plants is altogether new, must be inferred from the silence of our best writers on the subject of physiological botany. The fact, had it been known, would have appeared far too interesting and important to be dismissed without special notice. The commonly conceived opinion

is, to use the words of Professor Henslow, that carbon fixed under the form of a nutritive material is elaborated for the development of *all parts* of vegetable structure, and that those earthy, saline, and metallic ingredients, which are found in the ashes of plants, *being accidentally introduced*, cannot with any certainty be looked upon as products of vegetation, or as ever constituting essential elements of organization.\*

Now, since the presence or absence of organization is direct evidence of the presence or absence of life, the first thing which strikes the mind under this newly-discovered feature in the ashes of plants is, that combustion does not, in this case, as we have hitherto supposed, supply us with brute matter merely; but, that it leaves behind a purely vegetable product, a product far from being dissimilar in its nature to the bones of animals, and having its particles undoubtedly arranged by the agency of a living principle. Mr. Reade confesses that these are somewhat startling novelties; indeed, so much so, that he almost shrunk from bringing before the naturalist a statement, which,

\* Cabinet Cyclopædia, Principles of Botany, pp. 176, 177, 224, &c.



(Ashes of the Oat, Iris, Dogwood; and Skeletons of Plants in Coal ashes.)

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to say the least, will be at first received with suspicion. The facts, however, the sceptical reader may easily verify for himself.

What Mr. Reade wishes more especially to insist upon with respect to the ashes of plants is *structure*,—the similar conformation of similar parts, whether those parts be stems, leaves, or the appendages of flowers and seeds. The variety is evidently a variety of purpose and plan, compelling us to reject at once every supposition of the operation of causes without design. The inability to comprehend the use of this construction is no argument against the subtlety of the mechanism.

Whether the physiologist will condemn as fanciful and vague any idea of analogy between the bones of animals and this systematic distribution of incombustible matter in plants; or whether,—bearing in mind that created things differ in magnitude pre-eminently,—he will be disposed to confirm such speculations; these are points which Mr. Reade cannot decide. Of this, however, he feels confident, that every lover of the microscope will be glad to place in his cabinet a series of objects, which, to say the least, will call forth his admiration, if they do not also awaken a suspicion that he is examining structure which has been obedient to some rule, and is therefore conducive to some effect.

#### Explanation of the preceding Figures.

Figs. 1, 2, 3. Skeletons of portions of recent plants.

1. Part of husk of Oat, with separate drawings of the cups, which are attached at nearly uniform intervals along the siliceous columns.

2. Part of leaf of the Iris.

3. Hair of leaf of *Cornus alba* (Common Dogwood).

Figs. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Siliceous skeletons of portions of plants occurring abundantly in the white ashes of coal.

4, 5. Cellular structure.

6. Annular ducts with transverse bars.

7. Spiral fibre.

8. Fibre *in situ*.

Magnifying power about three hundred linear. The parallel siliceous lines of the oat, occurring in some cases at intervals of 1-4000th of an inch, from a very delicate natural micrometer.—We have derived these very interesting details from the *Philosophical Magazine*, No. 64; quoted in the *Atreana of Science and Art* for 1838—just published.

### New Books.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT,  
VOL. VI.

[The "Gurnal" resumed from our page 188. The next quotation records one of those intervals of affliction in "the elder brother to death," such as all who have drunk of life's bitter draught, (and who has not?) have experienced.]—"January 23.—Slept ill, not having been abroad these eight days—*splendida bilis*. Then a dead sleep in the morning, and when the awakening comes, a

strong feeling how well I could dispense with it for once and for ever. This passes away, however, as better and more dutiful thoughts arise in my mind. I know not if my imagination has flagged; probably it has; but at least my powers of labour have not diminished during the last melancholy week. On Monday and Tuesday my exertions were suspended. Since Wednesday inclusive I have written thirty-eight of my close manuscript pages, of which seventy make a volume of the usual Novel size.

"Wrote till twelve A.M., finishing half of what I call a good day's work—ten pages of print, or rather twelve. Then walked in the Prince's Street pleasure-grounds with good Samaritan James Skene, the only one among my numerous friends who can properly be termed *amicus curarum mearum*, others being too busy or too gay, and several being estranged by habit.

"The walks have been conducted on the whole with much taste, though Skene has undergone much criticism, the usual reward of public exertions, on account of his plans. It is singular to walk close beneath the grim old castle, and think what scenes it must have seen, and how many generations of three-score and ten have risen and past away. It is a place to cure one of too much sensation over earthly subjects of mutation. My wife and girl's tongues are chatting in a lively manner in the drawing-room. It does me good to hear them."

[Sir Walter's note, on the 24th, is full of the right spirit.]—"I went to the Court for the first time to-day, and, like the man with the large nose, thought every body was thinking of me and my mishaps. Many were, undoubtedly; and all rather regrettingly, some obviously affected. It is singular to see the difference of men's manner whilst they strive to be kind or civil in their way of addressing me. Some smiled as they wished me good day, as if to say, 'Think nothing about it, my lad; it is quite out of our thoughts.' Others greeted me with the affected gravity which one sees and despises at a funeral. The best-bred,—all, I believe, meaning equally well—just shook hands and went on.—A foolish puff in the papers, calling on men and gods to assist a popular author, who having choused the public of many thousands, had not the sense to keep wealth when he had it.—If I am hard pressed, and measures used against me, I must use all means of legal defence, and subscribe myself bankrupt in a petition for sequestration. It is the course one should, at any rate, have advised a client to take. But for this I would, in a Court of Honour, deserve to lose my spurs. No, if they permit me, I will be their vassal for life, and dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds, (or what may sell for such), to make good my engagements, not to

enrich myself. And this from no reluctance to be called the Insolvent, which I probably am, but because I will not put out of the power of my creditors the resources, mental or literary, which yet remain to me."

[On Jan. 29th the troubles thicken:—"Constable's business seems unintelligible. No man thought the house worth less than 150,000*l*. Constable told me, when he was making his will, that he was worth 80,000*l*. Great profits on almost all the adventures. No bad speculations—yet neither stock nor debt to show. Constable might have eaten up his share; but Cadell was very frugal. No doubt trading almost entirely on accommodation is dreadfully expensive."

[The scene was now strangely altered: on the 31st.]—"Since the 14th of this month no guest has broken bread in my house, save G. H. Gordon\* one morning at breakfast. This happened never before since I had a house of my own. But I have played Abou Hassan long enough; and if the Caliph comes I will turn him back again."

[In the next passage is a record of the rate at which Sir Walter, amidst his battalions of sorrows, was labouring to emancipate himself from the thralldom of debt.]—"February 3.—This is the first time since my troubles that I felt at awaking—

\* I had drunken deep  
Of all the blessedness of sleep."

I made not the slightest pause, nor dreamed a single dream, nor even changed my side. This a blessing to be grateful for. There is to be a meeting of the creditors to-day, but I care not for the issue. If they drag me into the Court, *oborto collo*, instead of going into this scheme of arrangement, they will do themselves a great injury, and perhaps eventually do me good, though it would give me much pain. \* \* \* From the 19th January to the 2nd February inclusive, is exactly fifteen days, during which time, with the intervention of some days' idleness, to let imagination brood on the task a little, I have written a volume. I think, for a bet, I could have done it in ten days. Then I must have had no Court of Session to take me up hours every morning, and dissipate my attention and powers of working for the rest of the day. A volume, at cheapest, is worth 1,000*l*. This is working at the rate of 24,000*l*. a year; but then we must not bake buns faster than people have appetite to eat them. They are not essential to the market like potatoes.

"February 4.—Wrote only two pages (of manuscript) and a half to-day. As the boat-swain said, one can't dance always *nouter*. But, were we sure of the quality of the stuff, what opportunities for labour does this same system of retreat afford us! I am convinced

\* Mr. Gordon (of whom more in the sequel) was at this time Scott's amanuensis: he copied, that is to say, the M.S. for the press.

that in three years I could do more than in the last ten, but for the mine being. I fear, exhausted. Give me my popularity (an *essential postulate*!) and all my present difficulties shall be a joke in four years; and it is not lost yet, at least.

"February 6.—Talking of writing, I finished my six pages, neat and handsome, yesterday. N.B. At night I fell asleep, and the oil dropped from the lamp upon my manuscript. Will this extreme unction make it go smoothly down with the public?

\* Thus idly we profane the sacred time  
By silly prose, light jest, and lighter rhyme."

[A pithy opinion of Burns and Byron].—"Byron wrote from impulse, never from effort; and therefore I have always reckoned Burns and Byron the most genuine poetical geniuses of my time, and half a century before me. We have many men of high poetical talent, but none, I think, of that ever-gushing and perennial fountain of natural waters."

[In an intervening chapter, by Mr. Lockhart, are some memoranda of Ballantyne's (the printer) failure, which Scott bore with wonderful fortitude. In a letter to Mr. Lockhart he writes:]—"I have your kind letter. Whenever I heard that Constable had made a *cessio fori*, I thought it became me to make public how far I was concerned in these matters, and to offer my fortune so far as it was prestatable, and the completion of my literary engagements—(the better thing almost of the two)—to make good all claims upon Ballantyne and Co.; and even supposing that neither Hurst and Co., nor Constable and Co., ever pay a penny they owe me, my old age will be far from destitute—even if my right hand should lose its cunning. This is the *very worst* that can befall me; but I have very little doubt that, with ordinary management, the affairs of those houses will turn out favourably. It is needless to add that I will not engage myself, as Constable desires, for 20,000*l*. more—or 2,000*l*.—or 200*l*. I have advanced enough already to pay other people's debts, and must now pay my own. If our friend C. had set out a fortnight earlier, nothing of all this would have happened; but he let the hour of distress precede the hour of provision, and he and others must pay for it. Yet don't hint this to him, poor fellow—it is an infirmity of nature."

\* \* \* I have been far from suffering by James Ballantyne. I owe it to him to say, that his difficulties, as well as his advantages, are owing to me. I trusted too much to Constable's assurances of his own and his correspondents' stability, but yet I believe he was only sanguine. The upshot is just what Hurst and Co. and Constable may be able to pay me; if 1*l*s. in the pound, I shall not complain of my loss, for I have gained many thousands in my day. But while I live I

shall regret that he never did liberal an estimate when money if every au half a year the house w supply of th what they n

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shall regret the downfall of Constable's house, for never did there exist so intelligent and so liberal an establishment. They went too far when money was plenty, that is certain; yet if every author in Britain had taxed himself half a year's income, he should have kept up the house which first broke in upon the monopoly of the London trade, and made letters what they now are.

"I have had visits from all the moneyed people, offering their purses—and those who are creditors, sending their managers and treasurers to assure me of their joining in and adopting any measures I may propose. I am glad of this for their sake, and for my own—for although I shall not desire to steer, yet I am the only person that can *can*, as Lieutenant Hatchway says, to any good purpose. A very odd anonymous offer I had of 30,000*l.*\* which I rejected, as I did every other. Unless I die, I shall beat up against this foul weather. A penny I will not borrow from any one. Since my creditors are content to be patient, I have the means of righting them perfectly, and the confidence to employ them. I would have given a good deal to have avoided the *coup d'état*; but that having taken place, I would not give sixpence for any other results. I fear you will think I am writing in the heat of excited resistance to bad fortune. My dear Lockhart, I am as calm and temperate as you ever saw me, and working at Woodstock like a very tiger. I am grieved for Lady Scott and Anne, who cannot conceive adversity can have the better of them, even for a moment. If it teaches a little of the frugality which I never had the heart to enforce when money was plenty, and it seemed cruel to interrupt the enjoyment of it in the way they liked best—it will be well.

"Kindest love to Sophia, and tell her to study the song,† and keep her spirits up. Tyne heart, tyne all; and it is making more of money than it is worth to grieve about it. Kiss Johnnie for me. How glad I am fortune carried you to London before these reverses happened, as they would have embittered parting, and made it resemble the boat leaving the sinking ship.—Yours, dear Lockhart, affectionately, WALTER SCOTT."

[In a letter to Mr. Morritt, Feb. 6, 1836.]—"You will be surprised when I tell you that I have written a volume in exactly fifteen days. To be sure, I permitted no interruptions. But then I took exercise, and for ten days of the fifteen attended the Court of Session from two to four hours every day. This is nothing, however, to writing *Ivanhoe* when I had the actual cramp in my stomach; but I have no idea of these things preventing a man from doing what he has a mind."

[In a letter to Lady Davy, Scott jests with

\* Sir Walter never knew the name of this municipal person.

† "Up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."

his ill fortune.]—"I beg my kindest compliments to Sir Humphry, and tell him Ill Luck, that direful chemist, never put into his crucible a more indissoluble piece of stuff than your affectionate cousin and sincere well-wisher, WALTER SCOTT."

[Mr. Lockhart next observes:]—"I offer no cold comments on the strength of character which Sir Walter Scott exhibited in the crisis of his calamities. But for the revelations of his Diary it would never have been known to his most intimate friends, or even to his own affectionate children, what struggles it cost him to reach the lofty serenity of mind which was reflected in all his outward conduct and demeanour.

As yet, however, he had hardly prepared himself for the extent to which Constable's debts exceeded his assets. The obligations of that house amounted, on a final reckoning, to 256,000*l.*; those of Hurst and Robinson to somewhere about 300,000*l.* The former paid, ultimately, only 2*s.* 9*d.* in the pound; the latter about 1*s.* 3*d.*

The firm of James Ballantyne and Co. might have allowed itself to be declared bankrupt, and obtained a speedy discharge, as the bookselling concerns did, for all its obligations;—but that Sir Walter Scott was a partner. Had he chosen to act in the manner commonly adopted by commercial inventors, the matter would have been settled in a very short time. \* \* \* \* He regarded the embarrassment of his commercial firm, on the whole, with the feelings not of a merchant, but of a gentleman. He thought that by devoting the rest of his life to the service of his creditors, he could, in the upshot, pay the last farthing he owed them. They (with one or two paltry exceptions) applauded his honourable intentions and resolutions, and partook, to a large extent, in the self-reliance of their debtor. Nor had they miscalculated as to their interest. Nor had Sir Walter calculated wrongly. He paid the penalty of health and life, but he saved his honour and his self-respect:

"The glory dies not, and the grief is past."

[It is interesting to note, as matter of literary history—from the "*Gurnal*," now resumed.]—"February 15.—Yesterday I did not write a line of Woodstock. Partly, I was a little out of spirits, though that would not have hindered. Partly, I wanted to wait for some new ideas—a sort of collecting of straw to make bricks of. Partly, I was a little too far beyond the press. I cannot pull well in long traces, when the draught is too far behind me. I love to have the press thumping, clattering, and banging in my rear; it creates the necessity which almost always makes me work best. Needs must when the devil drives—and drive he does even according to the letter. \* \* \*

Poor James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd,

came to advise with me about his affairs,—he is sinking under the times; having no assistance to give him, my advice, I fear, will be of little service. I am sorry for him, if that would help him, especially as, by his own account, a couple of hundred pounds would carry him on."

(To be continued.)

### The Public Journals.

THE SNUFF-BOX. A TALE FROM WALES.  
(Somewhat abridged from Bentley's Miscellany.)

Of all the inhabitants of our isles,—and there are still many distinct tribes, whose Celtic, Gallic, Danish, Saxon, and Norman descent, can be traced in a moment,—there are none more peculiar in character than the Welsh, or Ancient Britons. You may gull a Cockney, rob a Damnonian, cheat a Yorkshireman, or out-Jew a Scot; but a Welshman is not to be done: a natural and inborn acuteness protects him from the deepest stratagems, and a leak ought certainly to be the symbol of the Goddess of Wisdom.

This is a brief preface to a brief history of a tour of pleasure made by a very accomplished English gentleman into Wales; the interesting mining operations of which country he was desirous to investigate, not only for the promotion of a great scheme in which he was himself engaged, but for the patriotic purpose of rendering them more extensively useful, and disseminating their products of wealth more diffusely over the empire.

Mr. George Hampden was a man who, yet in the early prime of life,—for he was little more than thirty,—had seen a great deal of the world. His fund of information was prodigious; yet so simple was he in speech and manners, and so readily did he lend his ear to what others might truly think the insignificance of common-place intelligence, that no one could suspect his depth, or fancy that he was ought above those easy, good-humoured listeners, who, destitute of any precise object of their own, are readily seduced into a passing interest in the concerns of the communicative who choose to make everybody that comes near them a confidant in their bosoms' business and secrets. Quiet, unobtrusive, gentlemanly, and withal good-looking, such was the hero of our tale, Mr. George Hampden.

With the views to which we have alluded, he proceeded by the Quicksilver coach to Exeter; and thence, by the branch, to Truro, where he began his explorations of the rich mines, which, since the days when the Carthaginians used to trade with the natives at Market Jew, *alias* Marazion were never examined with more philosophical acumen and sagacity. From Falmouth to the Land's-End, and from the Land's-End whither nobody could tell, he descended

every shaft, and tried every lode. A dozen of hampers tilled with arranged specimens, and a dozen of bags containing the more recent discoveries, vouched for the diligence of his labour, and the extent of his research.

Thus laden and accomplished, Mr. Hampden at length reached Swansea, where he took up his quarters for a season, to observe the nature of the valuable ores which are stamped and sold there, from every quarter of the globe,—from Chili and from Norway, Copiapo and Treloweth, West Cork and Cobre, Bullymurtagh and Cuba, Carn Brea and Valparaiso. With his usual modesty he took genteel and moderate lodgings, and by no means pressed himself upon public notice. He watchfully attended the mart, to be sure; and, like any other common stranger, pretty constantly frequented the news room. Here, by degrees, he grew into a slight and partial acquaintance with that class of the inhabitants whose habits led them to a similar mode of passing the time; and, in a few weeks, conversation produced invitation, and he was asked to dine with several of the respectable citizens of the place. Simple in his manners, well-informed and unostentatious, he rose into general favour; and, as familiarity increased, he gradually let out a portion of his private history and present views. One day after dinner, at Mr. Dobbes', he first exhibited the snuff-box which gives a title to our tale, and upon which hinged an event very important to his future destiny. It was indeed a splendid article, shaped like a chest; it was of the finest gold, and so richly chased, that the eye would have delighted in tracing the fanciful arabesques which, as it were, flowed over the shining metal, had it not been prevented by the dazzling enrichment of precious stones which nearly covered the ample surface. On the lid, a very bank of large diamonds was surmounted by a regal crown, where sapphires, amethysts, emeralds and rubies, of almost inestimable size and value, alternated round the coronet; whilst the centre-top displayed a chrysolite hardly to be matched among the royal jewels of Europe. The touch, by the pressure of which the box opened, was a turquoise of nearly equal rarity; and below it, as if forming part of a lock, was a pearl of price. From this, all about the edge ran a wavy circlet of gems; and the bottom was embellished in a similar manner, only that the broad wreath of diamonds round the brilliant initial letters, "G. H.," were let in, and embedded more deeply in the golden matrix. To say that no one in Swansea had ever seen such a box, is to say nothing; we question that Rundell and Bridge ever set eyes on its fellow, or that the Queen of England could have such a treasure made for her from all the jewels belonging to her bright inheritance.

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and that curiosity was excited as to what might be its probable worth. To questions of this kind Mr. Hampden answered carelessly, that it had been valued in London at eight thousand guineas; but that in fact, it was unique. Bursts of wonder how he could risk such a property by carrying it about with him naturally followed: but our hero coolly declared that he had no fears on that head; that he seldom took it from its safe repository; that he had only removed it to-day, as he purposed attending the town-ball on the morrow evening; and that, after all, he prized it more as a testimony of royal friendship than as a thing of intrinsic value, however considerable it really was in that sordid point of view. The spring was now touched, and the lid ascended, as if moved by a gentle lever. Mr. Hampden had the kindness to hand it to Mr. Dobbes for inspection; and the following inscription on the inside was read by him, and all the guests at table:—

Presented  
by his Majesty, Louis the First,  
King of Bavaria,

to  
George Hampden, Esquire,  
English-Man;

in grateful consideration of his extraordinary  
services:—

This token,

together with the sum of 30,000 florins,  
(the same to be paid to him annually for ever,) will remain to him and his posterity as a proof of the high esteem of his

Majesty, and of his royal gratitude for the discovery of the  
exhaustible Silver Mine of Kitzpahl, the prosperous working of which commenced A. D. 1837, promises a revenue of incalculable magnitude to the Bavarian Throne.

Having amused themselves with the indifferent English in which the King of Bavaria had expressed himself, which, however, seemed to add a personal interest to the gift, the company gathered from Mr. Hampden that the inscription was really composed by his Majesty himself; and, that when the box was presented to him in full court, it was accompanied by a deed from the chancery, conveying to him and his heirs for ever, a well-secured annuity of 20,000 florins, which, indeed, might easily be paid, since the Kitzpahl mine had, within the first three months, produced more pure silver than the Veta Madre of Guanaxuato, the Real del Monte, the Bolanos, the Dolores, the Gallega, and the Zocatecas, the richest mines in Mexico and Peru, had yielded altogether within the compass of a whole year. Mr. Hampden further explained, that his present tour and sojourn in Swansea were connected with this momentous subject.

From this period, it is needless to state, that Mr. Hampden became an object of peculiar attention to the good people of Swan-

sea. At the ball to which we have alluded, he danced with Miss Mary Patten, Miss Greenfield, and Miss Betty Bolthose, the three richest heiresses in the county; and the latter, in particular, being already the owner of a lion's share in the famous black tin mines of Charlestown, besides a fair slice in the copper of Knockmahon. Chance gave Mr. Hampden the happiness of handing this fair Welsh lady to the supper-room, and placed him by her side at the refectory. Among other topics for chat, the snuff-box was not forgotten; and Miss Bolthose was gratified with an inspection of the gorgeous but well-deserved Bavarian present. She was enchanted by its beauty, and not less pleased by observing, that its owner appeared to be mightily struck with hers. Yet she could not be called beautiful; for though her features were tolerably regular, her complexion was rather of a coppery colour, and her dark eyes had a dullish cast, not very unlike that of Black tin. It was strange that her fortune, certainly not short of thirty thousand pounds, had not propelled her into matrimony; but the truth was, that old Bolthose, her father, was of a very miserly disposition, and had thrown cold water on all the suitors who had aspired to his daughter's person and purse. Thus she was still in single blessedness at the age of twenty-seven, when our hero was introduced to her notice. We will not dwell on the ordinary matters which ensued,—on the morning-call after the dance, or the intimacy that speedily followed. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Hampden contrived to make himself so agreeable to the lady, and to all parties concerned in her disposal, that, within three weeks after the ball, he was daily received at Tincroft House as the accepted lover of its fair mistress: in fine, they were united in the parish church of Swansea; and Miss Bolthose became Mrs. George Hampden, the wife of the wealthy discoverer of Kitzpahl, and thus part-proprietor of the royal box, as he was of her handsome dower of thirty thousand pounds.

Fêtes and feasting attended the auspicious union, and a happier couple were never tasting honey-moon, when a trifling but unlucky accident, happened to jar the harmony and interrupt the felicity of the scene. Mr. and Mrs. Hampden, a week after their marriage, were giving a small party to their most intimate friends, the Dobbes', Patens, Greenfields, and a few others, (some of the females not being over-joyful at the triumph of their late companion,) and the wine and glee were contagious of good-humour. Winks, and nods, and wreathed smiles, played round the social board; and the box of boxes passed from hand to hand. At this moment, a rude and vulgar fellow burst abruptly into the room; and immedi-



ately behind him followed a still dirtier and more disreputable-looking rascal. What was the astonishment of the company when they saw the former march up to Mr. Hampden, and, slapping him on the shoulder, heard him exclaim.

"Aha, Master Smith! so I've nabbed you at last!"

The bridegroom was almost convulsed with confusion, while the ruffian ran on,

"—And, my eyes! I say, Jem, if there isn't the werry box too! Vell, my trump! I hope you can pay for it now; but, in order to make sure, you will allow me to pocket it for the meanwhile;" which saying, he grabbed the King of Bavaria's diamond crown, just as if it had been Birmingham or Sheffield. And, not to keep our readers any longer in suspense, it was of that sort. The gold was mosaic, the stones were Bristol, the manufacture London, the inscription Mr. Hampden's. His mining was of the sort called Undermining; his foreign travel had been among the kangaroos; and his present most successful pursuit was entirely the plot which made Swansea his resting-place, and the Welsh heiress of Charles-town, Knockmahon, and Tinicroft House, his blooming bride. It was a bad business; but what was to be done! "Of a bad bargain," says the song, "make the best." It was an easy matter to settle with the bailiffs, as the arrest was only for eighty guineas, being nothing else than the price of the snuff-box to a Jew-trader in St. Mary Axe; but then came the mortification and disgrace of such a connexion! Miss Patten tittered, and Miss Greenfield laughed at the *dénouement*; and poor Mrs. Hampden was obliged to be satisfied with his assurance that her lord and master would turn honest man, and behave like a gentleman,—which, if he does, will be a wonderful change, and worthy of a sword more real than the fine Bavarian royal box.

#### I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

"Double, single, and the rub."—HOTEL.

"This, this is Solitude."—BYRON.

WELL, I confess, I did not guess  
A simple marriage vow  
Would make me find all women-kind  
Such unkind women now!  
They need not, sure, as *distant* be  
As Java or Japan,—  
Yet every Miss reminds me this—  
I'm not a single man!  
Once they made choice of my bass voice  
To share in each duet;  
So well I danced, I somehow chanced  
To stand in every set;  
They now declare I cannot sing,  
And dance on Bruin's plan;  
Me draw-me paint!—me any thing!—  
I'm not a single man!  
Once I was asked advice and task'd  
What works to buy or not,  
And "would I read that passage out

I so admired in Scott?"

They then could bear to hear one read;  
But if I now began,  
How they would snub,—"My pretty page!"  
I'm not a single man!

One used to stitch a collar then,  
Another hemmed a fill;  
I had more purses netted then  
Than I could hope to fill.  
I once could get a button on,  
But now I never can—  
My buttons then were Bachelor's,—  
I'm not a single man!

Oh, how they hated politics  
Thrust on me by papa:  
But now my chat—they all leave that  
To entertain mamma.  
Mamma, who praises her own self,  
Instead of Jane or Ann,  
And lays "her girls" upon the shelf—  
I'm not a single man!

Ah, me, how strange it is the change,  
In parlour and in hall,  
They treat me so, if I but go  
To make a morning call.

If they had hair in papers once,  
Bolt up the stairs they ran;  
They now sit still in disabillie—  
I'm not a single man!

Miss Mary Bost was once so fond  
Of Romans and of Greeks;  
She daily sought my cabinet,  
To study my antiques.

Well, now she doesn't care a dump  
For ancient pot or pan,  
Her taste at once is modernized—  
I'm not a single man!

My spouse is fond of homely life,  
And all that sort of thing;  
I go to balls without my wife,  
And never wear a ring:  
And yet each Miss to whom I come  
As strange as Gough's Khan,  
Knows by some sign, I can't divine,—  
I'm not a single man!

Go where I will, I but intrude,  
I'm left in crowded rooms,  
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,  
Or Hervey at his tombs.  
From head to heel, they make me feel,  
Of quite another clan;  
Compelled to own, though left alone,  
I'm not a single man!

Miss Towne the toast, though she can boast  
A nose of Roman line,  
Will turn up even that in scorn  
Of compliments of mine:  
She should have seen that I have been  
Her sex's partisan,  
And really married all I could—  
I'm not a single man!

'Tis hard to see how others fare,  
Whilst I rejected stand,—  
Will no one take my arm because  
They cannot have my hand?  
Miss Farcy, that for some would go  
A trip to Hindostan,  
With me don't care to mount a stair—  
I'm not a single man!

Some change, of course, should be in force,  
But, surely, not so much—  
There may be hands I may not squeeze,  
But must I never touch?—  
Must I forbear to hand a chair,  
And not pick up a fin?  
But I have been myself picked up—  
I'm not a single man!

Others may hint a lady's tint  
Is purplish red and white—  
May say her eyes are like the skies,

So very  
I must not  
Or if I  
I have my  
I'm not  
I must co  
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So very blue and bright,—  
 I must not say that she has eyes,  
 Or if I so began,  
 I have my fears about my ears,—  
 I'm not a single man!  
 I must confess I did not guess  
 A simple marriage vow,  
 Would make me find all women-kind  
 Such unkind women now;  
 I might be fashed to death, or smash'd,  
 By Mr. Pickford's van,  
 Without, I fear, a single tear—  
 I'm not a single man!

*Hood's Own*, No. 3.

## Fine Arts.

### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE National Gallery was opened to the public on Monday, the 9th instant, for the first time, after a somewhat prolonged recess. It is generally known that the rooms in which the pictures are hung are but badly calculated for the purpose, and that the interior of the place is more than commensurate in defects with the absurdities and bad taste of the outside. Those who have seen the pictures in the Louvre, at Paris, though the place in which they are hung is not particularly well adapted for the occasion, will readily admit that they have a better chance of being seen to advantage, even in that building, than those of the English National Gallery, in the contemptible closets of the pie-crust edifice on the north side of Charing-cross. It is distressing to the eye of taste to see the manner in which the pictures are hid in the little receptacles in which they are now deposited, and it is disgraceful to the national respectability to tolerate the existence, much more the original erection, of such a honeycomb of cells for the exhibition of those great works of art, on which so much money has been vainly lavished. The place was crowded with visitors, who seemed, for the most part, doubtful whether or not they had mistaken the nature of the building they had entered, and many of whom were inquiring of the attendants in what part of it the gallery was situated. Bad pictures—and there are not a few of such a class—stand forth in prominent obtrusion, and good ones appear to shrink into the privacy of retirement to avoid the contact of their flaunting companions.

So much has been said about the great majority of the pictures of which the collection is composed, that it is unnecessary to go into any further detail of their merits and defects. Since the gallery was last exhibited some new additions have been made to it; amongst these are two gallery pictures, by Guido, presented by his late Majesty, "Andromeda," and a "Venus;" both are fine pictures, and well known to artists and collectors. In the same room with them is a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, "The Graces." It is one of his best efforts, and characteristic of all his faults and beauties.

This is a gift from the late Lord Blessington. At right angles to this picture is the story of the "Gorgon's Head," by N. Poussin—a strong contrast, in every respect, to its neighbour, and highly demonstrative of the peculiar manner of the master. It is a fine picture, but hardly worthy of a place in a national institution. "A Corn Field," by Constable, is clever, but partaking too much of the "eggs and spinach" style of colouring to resemble the vegetation of an English landscape, and certainly not fit to be in the gallery. There is also a portrait of Mr. Angerstein by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which may be admissible both on account of the artist and the subject. A portrait of Walton is very clever; it is by Housman; it is an admirable picture for the idolatry of anglers, but old Isaac is out of his element here. A fine moonlight by Pether, a very pleasing specimen of the master, is amongst the additions, an excellent picture for a private collection, which this collection is not. The "Four Ages of Man," by Watteau, are four beautiful little cabinet gems with which nobody can quarrel. There is a picture of Kemble, as Hamlet, by the late President, quite unfit for this place: a Lord Ligonier by Sir Joshua, a fine portrait; opposite to which is a portrait of a lady, by Lawrence, but not worthy of that great artist. In the same room with these three last is the worst of the additions, a huge unmeaning gallery picture—"Religion and the Virtues," by A. Kauffman. It is perfectly absurd to see a thing of this sort occupying the space it does on the walls of an edifice erected to contain the highest specimens of genius! The pictures of Lord Farnborough are not yet arrived, but are shortly expected. There are spaces left in one of the rooms for them.—*Times*.

### SIR D. WILKIE'S PICTURE OF THE QUEEN.

THE picture of her Majesty at her first Privy Council, painted by Sir D. Wilkie, which is about to be exhibited in the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, has been viewed by the private friends of the artist, and by many persons connected with the Court, previously to its removal to the gallery. It is in many respects a splendid picture, and what is amongst its principal merits is, that it contains a most accurate likeness of the principal personage depicted. The portrait of her Majesty, who is seated at the end of the Council Chamber, is the happiest portion of the picture; it is true as to likeness, both in outline of feature and complexion, and it very felicitously conveys the intellectual characteristics of her countenance. In a word, it is not the representation of a statue, as some of the portraits of the Queen are, or the effigy of an imaginary being, half seraph, and half barber's wig-block.

Her Majesty is in a white dress, which circumstance affords an opportunity for contrast of effect, and very much relieves the picture. Behind the Queen is the Duke of Argyll; a good likeness: his Grace holds his staff of office, and appears intent on the scene before him. On the left hand of the Queen is Lord Lansdowne, sitting, and next to him the Lord Chancellor, also seated. These portraits are good, but the features and wig of the last functionary have a common-place, and not very pictorial appearance. Lord Melbourne is standing near the two last persons, and Lord Palmerston is close at hand. These two have been in some degree renovated by Sir David. Then come Lords Lyndhurst and Carlisle, Sir R. Peel, Mr. Croker, Lord Grey, (a good likeness,) Lord Alseley, the Earl of Albemarle, Lord Morpeth, the Chief Justice, (seated,) the Attorney-General, the Sheriffs, &c. In the front of them is Lord Holland, (seated,) a good likeness, and close to him the Duke of Wellington, a characteristic likeness. His Grace is leaning over the table, and taking the pen from the hand of the Duke of Sussex, who is seated on the opposite side of the table, and forms the most prominent figure in the foreground. Twenty years have been kindly taken from the brows of his Royal Highness; still the general likeness is very striking. His Royal Highness is in deep mourning, having the "garret" round his leg, and wearing the peculiar skull-cap, with which he now universally appears. Near to the Duke of Wellington are the Duke of Cumberland and the Archbishop of Canterbury, (seated.) This picture has many merits. The composition is very correct; all rules of art have been attended to; and it is, moreover, full of genius, good drawing, and good colouring. The groups are well disposed; they are separated as much as they ought to be; but all contribute to form an undivided whole, without the appearance of stiffness or drilling.—*Times*.

### The Gatherer.

*American Mirth*.—I cannot conceive how it is that so little has been heard in England of the mirth of the Americans: for certainly nothing in their manners struck and pleased me more. One of the rarest characters among them, and a great treasure to all his sportive neighbours, is a man who cannot take a joke.—*Miss Martineau*.

*Sleighting*.—Do you want to know what sleighting is like? You can soon try. Set your chair on a spring-board out in the porch on Christmas-day: put your feet into a pail full of powdered-ice: have somebody to jingle a bell in one ear, and somebody else to blow into the other with the bellows,—and you will have an exact idea of sleighting.—*Ibid*.

*A Thaw*.—Nothing is seen in England like the streets of Boston and New York at the end of the season, while the thaw is proceeding. The area of the street had been so raised that passengers could look over the blinds of your ground-floor rooms: when the side-walks become full of holes and puddles, they are cleared, and the passengers are reduced to their proper level: but the middle of the street remains exalted, and the carriages drive along a ridge. Of course this soon becomes too dangerous; and for a season ladies and gentlemen walk; carts tumble, slip, and slide, and get on as they can; while the mass, now dirty, not only with thaw, but with quantities of refuse vegetables, sweepings of the poor people's houses, and other rubbish which it was difficult to know what to do with while every place was frozen up, daily sinks, and dissolves into a composite mud. It was in New York, and some of the inferior streets of Boston, that I saw this process in its completeness.—*Ibid*.

*England and India*.—The wages of a labourer in India is from two-pence to three-pence a day. Yet if England permitted the importation on moderate duties of East India sugars, rum, tobacco, coffee, spices, &c. the Hindoos would then be enabled to purchase British merchandise to an incalculable extent; for instance 100,000,000 subjects consuming yearly a turban or gown piece (9 yards at six-pence a yard) would create a demand for £25,000,000 worth of cotton goods per annum.—*Montgomery Martin*.

*Indian Marriages*.—Some red lead is put by the bridegroom on the bride's head, and they make mutual presents.

*Bull-Frogs*.—They make a loud noise. When alarmed they leap to a surprising distance; when full grown, three yards, which in proportion to their size, is about four times as far again as a man can leap. A new wager was laid by the American Indians, to prove that a bull-frog, having the advantage of two leaps, would beat their swiftest runner. This was effected by having the race in the direction of a pond, and burning the poor frog's tail.

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